O that my heart would burſt. The bloody proc lamation
To eſcape that followed me ſo neere,
(O our liues ſweetneſſe, that with the paine of death
VVould hourely dye, rather then dye at once)
Taught me to ſhift into a mad-mans rags,
To aſſume a ſemblance that very dogges diſdain'd:
And in this habit met I my father with his bleeding rings,
The precious ſtones new loſt; Became his guide,
Led him, begd for him, ſau'd him from diſpaire.
Neuer (O Father) reueald my ſelfe vnto him,
Vntill ſome halfe houre paſt when I was arm'd,
Not ſure, though hoping of this good ſucceſſe,
I askt his bleſſing, and from firſt to laſt
Told him my pilgrimage: but his flawd heart
Alacke too weake the conflict to ſupport,
Twixt two extremes of paſſion, ioy and greefe,
Burſt ſmilingly.

Baſt. This ſpeech of yours hath mooued me,
And ſhall perchance do good, but ſpeake you on,
You looke as you had ſomething more to ſay.

Alb. If there be any more more wofull, hold it in.
For I am almoſt readie to diſſolue.

Edg. This would haue ſeem'd a period to ſuch
As loue not ſorrow, but another to amplifie too much,
VVould make much more, and top extremity.
VVhilſt I was big in clamor, came there in a man,
VVho hauing ſeene me in my worſt eſtate,
Shund my abhord ſociety: but then finding
Who twas that ſo indur'd, with his ſtrong armes
He faſtened on my necke, and bellowd out
As hee'd burſt heauen, threw me on my father,
And told the pitteous tale of *Lear* and him,
That euer eare receiued, which in recounting
His greefe grew puiſant, and the ſtrings of life
Began to cracke twice, then the trumpets ſounded,
And there I left him traunſt.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg.

Edg. Kent ſir, the baniſht Kent, who in diſgu
Followed his enemy king, and did him ſeruice
Improper for a ſlaue.

Enter one with a bloody knife.

Gent. Helpe, helpe.

Alb. What kinde of helpe? what meanes tha

Gent. Its hot, it ſmokes, it came euen from th

Alb. Who man? ſpeake.

Gent. Your Lady ſir, your Lady; and her ſiſte
By her is poyſon'd: ſhe has confeſt it.

Baſt. I was contracted to them both, all thre
Now marry in an inſtant.

Alb. Produce their bodies be they aliue or de
This iuſtice of the heauens that makes vs tremb
Touches not with pity.

Edg. Here comes Kent ſir.

Alb. O tis he, the time will not allow
The complement that very manners vrges.

Kent. I am come to bid my King and maſter a
Is he not heere?

Alb. Great things of vs forgot. Speake Edmu
king, and wher's *Cordelia*? Seeſt thou this obiect

The bodies of Gonoril & Regan are brong

Kent. Alacke, why thus.

Baſt. Yet *Edmund* was belou'd: the one the ot
my ſake, and after ſlew her ſelfe.

Alb. Euen ſo, couer their faces.

Baſt. I pant for life: ſome good I meane to do
owne nature. Quickly ſend, bee briefe, into th
Writ, tis on the life of *Lear*, & on *Cordelia*: nay,

Alb. Run, run, O run.

Edg. To who my Lord? who hath the office?
Send thy token of repreeue.

Baſt. Well thought on, take my ſword, giue i

Alb. Haſt thee for thy life.

Baſt. He hath commiſſion from thy wife & m
delia in the priſon, and to lay the blame vpon her